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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1878.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—Lord Beaconsfield made a long speech last evening on the Berlin Treaty. ==== The Irish team won the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon. ==== The occupation of Bosnia is to begin August 1. ==== Prince Louis Napoleon has gained a law suit against a Paris paper.

DOMESTIC.—The temperature in the West is now somewhat lower, but yesterday was the hottest day of the season in the Middle States; factories were forced to close in some places; in Washington the streets were almost deserted by human beings. ==== The testimony in the poisoning case at Norwich, Conn., which is making such a great stir locally, is damaging to the prisoners. ==== The Republican Committee at Washington has received numerous campaign subscriptions and is working very hard. ==== Secretary Thompson has arrived at Newport. ==== It is discovered that the section in the Army bill in regard to promotions is not what Congress intended it to be. ==== Two witnesses before the Potter Sub-Committee at New-Orleans swore that E. L. Webber had tried to buy their testimony.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—The heat wave reached the city yesterday; the day was the hottest of the season; thirty-five cases of sunstroke were reported. ==== E. J. Oakley, the defaulting cashier of the Merchants' Exchange National Bank, was arrested. ==== J. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, and W. Fraser Ray, arrived by the Baltic. ==== General Merritt received his commission as Collector. ==== Elizabeth Ayres charged her brother with incest and child murder. ==== Three men have died recently of yellow fever at the Naval Hospital, and three others are sick with the disease. ==== William H. Pace shot himself in Jersey City. ==== James Hogg asserted his right to an uptown pier. ==== Gold, 100⅝, 100½, 100⅝. Gold value of the legal-tender dollar at the close, 99 4/10 cents. Stocks generally at first weak, and then recovering, and closing steady.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate partly cloudy weather, with chances of occasional showers. Thermometer yesterday, 82°, 97°, 83°.

Persons leaving town for the season, and Summer travellers, can have THE DAILY TRIBUNE *mailed to them, postpaid, for $1 per month, the address being changed as often as desired.*

Defalcation will out, and even the fleet-footed defaulter will be taken in at last. Yesterday an ex-cashier who fled from justice nearly eight years ago was captured in one of our streets—penniless, friendless, broken-down. And yet with enough of the thief in him still to feel indignant that his bank had not forgiven him, seeing that he had not ruined it!

In the rifle contest for the Elcho Shield yesterday the Irish team showed remarkable precision, beating their opponents at each range, and winning by a plurality of 50 points. Last year the Irish won by 104 points, but their total score was less than yesterday's, being 1,568 then, against 1,610 now. The shooting of the English and Scotch teams was also better this year than at any previous contest. This uniform improvement bears testimony to the advantages of constant rivalry.

The chief of that ignoble band of highwaymen, who robbed the poor shoe-pedler and paid for their shoes with a brutal beating, has been sentenced, for one of his many burglaries, to twenty years' imprisonment. In old times, according to all the romancers, the lamentations of the poor followed the gentlemen of the road on their last ride toward Tyburn; but if the pedler be still in the flesh, we dare say he'll not be sorry when he hears of the bad luck that has befallen Mr. George Lent.

If that man be a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what reward should await the man who proves that where there was thought to be one volcano there is in fact none? Numbers of persons have been led to believe in the existence of a veritable volcano in the North Carolina Blue Ridge, who may learn from a letter given elsewhere, from a well-informed correspondent who has made a personal examination of the spot, just on what commonplace grounds the marvellous stories rest that have been told about Bald Mountain. The mountain is made up, according to this observer's account, of strata of easily decomposible gneiss, which are sliding downward. Many cracks, great and small, run at right angles to these strata. The caves which have been formed in the mountain are "merely spaces which have been left when "an upper sheet of rock has slidden off and "become inclined against the lower." The rumblings that have been heard are doubtless the noises which result from this grinding movement, and the clouds of smoke that have been seen are probably clouds of the fine dust which the decomposition produces, the sides of these caves being covered with it. There is nothing anywhere to show volcanic formation, and this observer is no doubt right when he says that "Bald Mountain is no more an "earthquake centre than is Central Park."

The hot-air wave can safely be announced among the distinguished arrivals, and a good many people would like to know how soon the cold-air wave will telegraph for room. When Chicago and St. Louis, that have borne the heat and burden of this fierce heat, were blessed, yesterday, by cooling breezes, this city, with all the surrounding region, felt the first attack. It was moderated by a stir in the air and by showers that must have brought some short relief, at least, to many sufferers, but its effects show how sorely it tried some. Business was practically suspended in very many places; all the routes that led from the city were crowded to their utmost capacity; and among those who remained, there had been, at midnight, 35 cases of sunstroke reported to the police in this city and Brooklyn, not counting those persons who were affected by the heat at their own residences. To those who have comfortable homes, however, this heated term can mean little more than mere personal inconvenience, if proper precautions are observed, and the wise injunction to "keep "cool," both physically and mentally, is kept in mind. It is to the poor that the burning sun comes with a more dreadful aspect than the freezing blasts of Winter, for these unfortunates have no other homes than houses which breed disease and poison the air that might save life. Those who do even a little to ameliorate the condition of the tenement-house population at this trying time, and above all, to aid the charities that are springing up everywhere to stay the yearly slaughter of the innocents, will have at least the recollection of a good deed. There is little reason to suppose that the heat will abate at once—at midnight the thermometer stood just where it did at 6 o'clock last evening—and those who would know what it is to save life can know.

Lord Beaconsfield's remarkable speech last evening in the House of Lords, supplies much of the information that was wanting in the Marquis of Salisbury's dispatch. The text of the Premier's address was the existence of the Ottoman Empire. He set out to show that England had attained a great victory at the Congress and had imparted renewed vitality to the tottering power of the Sultan, who, according to Lord Beaconsfield, still controls in Europe an area of 60,000 square miles, with a population of 6,000,000. The Premier undoubtedly made a good point when he explained that England had made Bulgaria end at the foot of the Balkans, and had shielded the capital by securing to the Sultan the right to garrison the mountain passes. He met the objection that the safety of Turkey is still in question, by the trite observation that it might rely upon the courage and intrepidity of its defenders at the Balkan passes. When the exhaustion of the Empire and the inferiority of the Turkish Army are taken into account, Lord Beaconsfield's rethoric seems delusive. He is right in maintaining that Turkey has received a new lease of national life, but he adroitly conceals the feeble thread upon which that existence hangs. In referring to the Austrian occupation and the Greek claims, the Premier said nothing new. He instanced the loss of her American colonies to England as proof that the surrender of territory is not necessarily fatal to national power. Here again, of course, he disclosed a weak point, and failed to show that there is any practical difference between "partition" and "distribution," the phrase by which he would reconcile the Sultan to dismemberment of his Empire. On the Asiatic question, Lord Beaconsfield was less diffuse, since he said little more than is generally known. He did his utmost to placate the French, and was emphatic in declaring that English intervention was simply intended as a barrier to Russia. Lord Salisbury went further, in observing that the security of India rested upon making British power felt in the Orient. On the whole, the Premier and his colleague made out a plausible case, and England is likely to ring with their praises.—The wordy encounter between Lords Derby and Salisbury is traceable to the bitter rivalry which exists between these statesmen for the succession to the Premiership. In the question of fact which is at stake the probability is that Lord Derby is correct.

SOUND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Some of the recent criticisms of life insurance management have been strangely unfair. This vast interest, involving the happiness of more than 600,000 families, and the investment of more than $400,000,000 of capital, should not be wantonly or maliciously sacrificed by unjust criticism. It is peculiarly desirable at this time, when all important branches of business are struggling to reëstablish themselves on a solid specie basis, and when the insurance business, in particular, has been subjected to most rigid examination, that there should be sharp discrimination between the companies which have borne the test with success, showing undoubted solvency notwithstanding the general depression and the great losses of the last four years, and those which have been mismanaged or have become insolvent. Yet there are people who still persist in creating distrust, so far as they can, not of particular companies, but of the management and condition of insurance business generally. It is wildly asserted, for instance, that the decrease in the assets of the companies has been alarming, and that the decline in their business has proved the inability of the companies, as now administered, to reëstablish the confidence which their own mismanagement has impaired. Now, no person who has any knowledge of this business will think these remarks just, as applied to either of several companies the perfect solvency of which no one has ever doubted. It would be easy to name a dozen life companies which all intelligent men know to have been very ably, honorably and successfully managed. But the object here is not to commend any of the companies separately to public confidence, but to point out the exceeding injustice of sweeping and random censures which assail the credit as well of the best and strongest as of the weakest companies.

It is the common fault to imply that life insurance generally is to be suspected, because some kite-flying or swindling concerns, started during the period of reckless speculation, have gone down in dishonor, while some others, formerly sound and honorable, have fallen into knavish management. But this is in the last degree unjust. No candid person suspects the credit of A. T. Stewart & Co. because many weak or speculative dry-goods dealers have failed. On the contrary, it is seen that the removal of an excessive and desperate competition actually strengthens the firms which have been able to sustain themselves. So it is in life insurance. The weeding-out process is at least as beneficial to the best and most firmly-established concerns in that business as in any other that can be named.

In a time of general suffering, when the millions are forced to deny themselves luxuries, pleasures, and even necessaries, it happens that fewer persons are able to buy clothes, houses, railway travel, or insurance. Does this enforced economy of the people show that there is a just suspicion of the integrity of woollen or cotton manufacturers, of real estate owners, railways or insurance companies? Decrease in the amount of business done is the necessary consequence of a long-continued prostration of commerce and industry, and it inevitably extends to life insurance, as to every other branch of business. It is not the fault of the companies that fewer persons are able to pay for insurance; it is not the fault of the sound and unquestionably well-managed companies that fewer persons do maintain or take out policies.

In the face of long continued prostration, the insurance companies now doing business in this State have certainly sustained themselves remarkably. They show that they have actually increased every year in gross assets, notwithstanding reductions in valuation of property. The apparent decline in gross assets last year was wholly owing to the withdrawal of the Charter Oak and others from the list of companies reporting in this State; the remaining companies show larger assets in the aggregate than they have done in any year before. Their surplus as regards policy-holders is actually larger by about $20,000,000 than it ever has been, and their reports show that their assets are more carefully invested, and their property is more scrupulously valued. If there are individual companies which merit suspicion, a candid critic will name the companies and give the reason. But it is peculiarly unfair and cruel, after the better companies have so manfully invited criticism, so successfully borne investigation, so carefully conducted their business and preserved the assets intrusted to them, to include them with those which have failed, in one indiscriminate and wanton charge of unsoundness. Certainly it is not for the public good to create needless, blind, and unwarranted panic.

KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.

It is announced that, "owing to strictures "of the press," Mr. John Eaton, Commissioner of Education, has prevailed upon himself to abbreviate his annual report, and it would now be of interest to know what portions of that document he will be liable to cut out. The puffs of private schools and sickly universities, the advertisements of school books and pencil sharpeners, and the lists of ex-superintendents might all be dispensed with without any detriment to the cause he loves. But the "Pro-"ceedings of Educational Conventions and "Associations" which Mr. Eaton annually clips from the newspapers and embodies in his report, the country will not willingly dispense with. The unattached professors and others who allude to themselves as "educators," and who do a good deal of convening in the Summer season, occasionally have a whole swarm of bees in their bonnets, but they deliver long speeches, and pass funny resolutions, which they like to have embalmed in a public document, and they ought to be gratified. Mr. Eaton ruthlessly thins out these "proceedings" when they are reported with any luxuriance in the local papers; but there is one variety of resolution which he piously preserves. Whenever Mr. Eaton, as required by law, is "collecting such "statistics and facts as shall show the condi-"tion and progress of education in the vari-"ous States and Territories," he invariably collects as a statistic and a fact the resolution which any convention, or institute, or association may be persuaded to vote, to the effect that Mr. Eaton could endure a bigger appropriation. In the last bureau report but one there are several statistics of this touching character. One convention "resolved "that the labors of General John Eaton "in promoting, etc., have been wise "and efficient, and that Congress be memorial-"ized in behalf of a liberal support for the "Bureau." The American Institute of Instruction also resolved in favor of a "liberal "support." A third convention is reported as resolving that "the good accomplished by "the Bureau is a vindication of the wisdom "of its establishment," and then added the usual money clause. Perhaps the most powerful resolution of its class is one with a suggestive parenthesis, which Mr. Eaton published in his last report: "Resolved, That no "other Department of the General Govern-"ment (considering the small amount appro-"priated for its support) has done so much "for the best interests of society." It is needless to say that Mr. Eaton's is the Department referred to.

The resolution business hasn't fairly opened yet for this season, but up in New-Hampshire, the other day, the American Institute of Instruction led off with some average samples, and once more "called upon Congress to give "the Educational Bureau ample means." Of course it requires some skilful engineering on the part of Mr. Eaton to get up educational information of this sort, and we shall look at his next report with some concern to see if it is all in. We trust that he will not be restrained from diffusing it by any morbid modesty, any economical views about the public printing or any strictures from a licentious and unbridled press.

MARQUETTE AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Historical Society of St. Louis had made elaborate preparations to commemorate last Wednesday the first exploration of the Mississippi River, 205 years ago. But commemorations of anything—unless it were the invention of soda-water—with the mercury at 103 in the shade and the Morgue full of swollen corpses, would be ridiculous. The celebration was postponed. Mr. John Gilmary Shea, of this city, who had been aptly chosen to deliver the historical address, was stricken down by the heat almost immediately on his arrival at St. Louis; the speeches, the music, and the festivities must wait for safer times.

The voyage of Marquette and Joliet in 1673 was not the first that Europeans had made on the mighty river of the West. Cabeça de Vaca and his shipwrecked companions, in their four years' wanderings from Florida to New-Mexico, crossed the lower Mississippi 150 years before the French missionary reached the mouth of the Wisconsin. De Soto in 1542 was buried in its turbid waters, and the chronicler of his expedition described the "strong and always "muddy current, bringing down many trees "and timber," with a precision which the modern traveller will not fail to appreciate. It is strange that for a century and a half after the companions of De Soto floated 250 leagues down the majestic stream, the importance of such a channel of traffic and adventure was overlooked by the settlers along the shore of the Gulf, so that when Marquette carried his canoe across the portage of the Wisconsin it was to enter the depths of an unknown wilderness, and to follow a current whose course had never been traced. But the patient enterprise of the peaceable French Canadians accomplished far more in the exploration of the Great West than the daring and often chivalrous violence of their predecessors, the warlike Spaniards. It was on the 17th of June, 1673, that Marquette, the Jesuit missionary, and Joliet, the fur trader, after their long canoe journey from Quebec up the St. Lawrence, through the Lakes, to the head of Green Bay, and thence to the upper waters of the Wisconsin, reached the Mississippi a few miles below the present site of Prairie du Chien; and on the 17th of July, having descended probably to the mouth of the Arkansas, passed the Missouri and Ohio, and ascertained that the Mississippi discharged its flood into the Gulf, they turned to retrace their course.

A romantic story of Marquette's solitary death on the bank of the river which bears his name was current for many years until Mr. Shea brought to light the original and authentic narrative of the missionary's last voyage. But it is only within a few months that a mystery respecting his last resting place has been dissolved. It was known that after preaching to the Kaskaskias and building the first house and chapel on the present site of Chicago, he was warned by increasing weakness to return to the mission establishment at Mackinac, in the Spring of 1675, that he died on the way, and that his remains were afterward transported to Mackinac and deposited in a church whose very site was forgotten more than a century ago. But in September, 1877, the persevering and intelligent search of a local antiquary was rewarded by the discovery, on a farm near the town, of the foundations of the old Mission Chapel, pieces of a birch-bark coffin, and lastly, some fragments of human bones. The contemporary descriptions of Marquette's burial make it impossible to doubt that here were the long hidden remains of one of the most illustrious explorers of the New World.

No part of the early history of America possesses a purer charm than that which embraces the artless narratives of these Canadian pioneers of the Northwest. Spurred by the most unselfish ambition, they wandered into the primeval forest, they guided their frail boats across the wintry lake, they camped on the frozen shore, they floated down unknown rivers. A burning enthusiasm sustained them in peril, and yet an idyllic peace brooded over their simple adventures. The painted savage, reeking with the blood of Spaniards and Englishmen, treated them as friends. They lived for years in the midst of appalling dangers, and welcomed cruel martyrdom as the crown of a happy life. The lonely death of Marquette, attended by two Indian disciples, who drew up his canoe on the strand when he told them that his hour had come, and there built a hut of bark to shelter him in his last moments, is a poem upon which the pen of every historian, from Charlevoix to Bancroft, has affectionately lingered. What might have been the consequences to America if the French schemes of a Mississippi empire which once seemed so hopeful had been carried out, it would be vain now to speculate. But we Americans can never cease to honor the memory of the Canadian pioneers who broke the road for us in the Mississippi valley, little though those good men imagined what sort of colonists were to follow in their footsteps, and what sort of towns and cities were to spring up by the banks of that "strong and always "muddy current."

During the past season we have published numerous communications on the subject of cheap living. A Cornell student pursued his college course, without loss of health, upon a sum which seems almost ludicrously small; a physician, while attending medical lectures in this city, lived comfortably at a surprisingly low rate; another man got plenty to eat and drink for a few cents a day. In reply to these experiences we have printed the opinions of persons who insist that culture obtained by such self-denial is not worth the cost, that health must suffer when subjected to such a strain, and that the sums mentioned would not provide the merest decencies of life. The cheap-livers have returned to the charge with a slight show of asperity, asserting that they have done what they have done, and that, having done it, fairness required that the other side should admit that any one so minded could go and do likewise. In this last quarter of the Nineteenth Century it may seem rather late to reiterate that "one man's meat is another man's poison," but this principle is at the bottom of all such discussions, and no one who ignores it is fit to take part in them at all. While A.'s internal economy is such that oatmeal gruel will supply his blood and tissues with what is needed to make them efficient, B. may absolutely require an occasional pound of meat to keep him on his legs, and A. may secure for 10 cents a day a degree of health and strength for which B. is compelled to pay twice or three times that sum. We are not made alike. Physicians have come to the conclusion that general rules for the treatment of dyspepsia are absolutely worthless. Some persons enjoy dreamless sleep after eating half a warm mince-pie at midnight, when a slice of cold bread would have set all the demons dancing in their stomachs. In the face of such proof that, while "fearfully and wonderfully made," we are all made different, it is absurdly untrue to say that all the world can live at the rate of 10 cents a day apiece.

After the public has well-nigh forgotten the existence of the young man who was known to his landlady as Lord Ogilvy, a letter from the acting Consul-General of Great Britain undeceives the few credulous people who may still have believed that this was a live lord. There is little reason, however, to hope that the average person, whether in this country or others, will learn anything from this episode. There will be barber-counts and valet-lords to the end of time. America has no more than her share of them. Such impositions have been the stock in trade of novelists for generations, for the yearning for close contact with a real title is not necessarily republican, but human. This case, however, must be ranked with the clever achievements in this line of business. When the would-be nobleman has the wit to spread about reports of his exalted station without seeming to do so, and to meet them with persistent denials that only serve to feed the rumors, people who would know a barber when they saw him may be forgiven for being fooled.

Now use your common sense to-day. Don't be in a hurry. This is the first and greatest commandment. Don't be in a hurry about anything, even about your cooling drinks. If you are obliged to go down town, ride. If you must walk, take the shady side of the street. Carry a sun umbrella. Wear a stout hat of white color, and texture impervious to the sun's rays, or a light straw hat covered with loose folds of gauze or cambric. Let there be a fringe to cover the nape of the neck and temples. Keep the spine well protected, and encourage perspiration. Get out of town if you can. A salt-water bath is cooler and cheaper than a doctor's visit. If a laboring man, remember this is a capital time to strike. Treat yourself to a holiday. Never mind the Eight-hour law. Better work ten or twelve hours in a cooler atmosphere than six in this weather. Whatever happens, take it coolly, and keep your temper. Swearing at the heat or the flies is far too violent exercise with the mercury in the nineties. Try and get a good night's sleep. Let the clothing be worn loosely. Drink plenty of cooling beverages. Cold tea or coffee, lemonade and oat-meal and water, are all good and handy. Don't touch spirits or wine, or even beer—the blood is hot enough without them. Ice-water, if taken slowly, is cooling, but should not be indulged in too freely. Eat sparingly, and of light, cooling food. Heavy dinners invite disaster. Take an extra bath or two. Turn on the Croton and hold the wrists under it for a short time, first applying water to the neck and back of the head. Where practicable, sprinkle water on the floors and passages. Even vessels of water placed in rooms greatly moderate the heat. Secure a good circulation of air, and make it pass over broken ice as it enters the house. Lower the sun-awnings or close the shades, so as to shut out all direct sunlight. Above all, remember from the first hour in the morning that it is a great deal easier to keep cool than to get cool after you have foolishly heated yourself by a little of the average New-York energy.

Lookout to-day and to-morrow for sunstrokes, and remember that prevention is always better than cure. Here are some timely hints by the Board of Health which will help to make life endurable during the heated term: "Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is muggy. It is more likely to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. The time when people are most prone to be sunstruck is between 11 and 4 o'clock. Wear thin clothing, sleep in carefully ventilated rooms, avoid loss of sleep and over-fatigue. Put a moist handkerchief in the hat; lift the hat off from time to time in order to obtain ventilation. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need in order to keep up perspiration. If you feel fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion, stop work at once. Sit down in a cool, shady place. Apply wet cloths, and bathe the face and neck in cold water. If any one is overcome with heat, send at once for a physician. While waiting for the doctor, give the patient cool water or cold tea. Pour cold water on the neck and wrists, and apply pounded ice wrapped up in a towel to the head. When a person is pale and faint, with a feeble pulse, give some ammonia to smell, and administer a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water sweetened with sugar."

A Columbia County farmer asks us whether the recent sale of West Virginia lands at the rate of 1½ cents an acre was a bona fide transaction, and whether the purchasers got a good title to the property. The trustees of the estate, which comprised 360,000 acres of timber and coal lands among the mountains of that State, guaranteed the titles. The opinion of a lawyer was appended to the searches to the effect that, so far as the evidence of the papers submitted to him ran the chain, of title was unbroken, and that all the taxes had been paid. The appraised value of the lands was 10 cents an acre, and they were sold at an average of a penny. The auctioneers insist that the sale was in every respect a bona fide transaction. It has, however, been regarded with suspicion by land-owners in Virginia and West Virginia. It is scarcely necessary to remind our correspondent, as well as every other honest farmer who is anxious to emigrate, that when a new farm can be bought for a song the purchaser can well afford to have the title examined by a competent lawyer.

The Mayor's Marshal has decided that the ordinance requiring business wagons to be licensed does not apply to undertakers' vehicles (including hearses, we suppose), "because they do not carry merchantable goods." The Mayor's Marshal probably never heard of the Ann Arbor Medical College.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Coney Island politics are the only ones the popular heart cottons to now.

This weather wilts everybody except the Louisiana liar. It merely stimulates him.

The National party is great in "rows," if in nothing else. The "strike" element evidently predominates.

There are lots of perspiring patriots who would like to be summoned before the Fraud Committee at Atlantic City for an indefinite period, at the Government's expense.

Mr. Hendricks is said to be watching the political situation quietly but keenly. If he looks with half an eye he will see his chances all carefully collected in a heap, with Allen G. Thurman seated atop of them.

The Republicans of the Toledo district have unanimously nominated Congressman Foster in spite of his assertion that he would not run there. He has not yet decided whether to accept or decline, but it is believed he will accept.

Democratic statesmen grow like weeds in some parts of Pennsylvania. In Cumberland County there are eighty candidates in the field for only about a dozen offices. The National party in the same place probably has as many more, although a list has not yet been announced.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, is not in favor of trying to relieve the distressed by issuing tons of greenbacks, but he tells a *Graphic* reporter he thinks a system of public improvements should be inaugurated by the Government to give the industrious poor employment. As for the third term outlook he says: "General Grant is a personal as well as political friend of mine. I do not think he dreams of being renominated. There are a lot of candidates in the Republican party to choose from." That is just what a good many other people think, Mr. Jones.

The real character of the National movement in Pennsylvania is shown by a prediction which Hendrick B. Wright makes concerning Luzerne County. There are nine Assemblymen to be elected there, and he predicts that there will be only one Republican and at least six Nationals who will vote with the Democrats. This demonstrates the Assistant-Democratic character of the third party. If there are any Republicans in the movement they ought to be able to see that they might as well vote directly for the Democratic ticket as to vote with the Nationals.

Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who has been a Democrat now for two years, is anxious to be sent to Congress from the XXth District of his State. The way is not entirely unobstructed, however, as there are six other Democrats pipe-laying for the nomination. The District is heavily Democratic, and the contest for the nomination will, therefore, be warm. If the National movement enters into the fight it ought to support Mr. Curtin, for he was a pretty good Greenbacker only a short time ago.

Politics enter into even the cookery in Georgia. A colored citizen of that State sought employment recently, with this curious certificate of recommendation: "This is to certify that Henry Garnagah (col.), has been in the employ of the Ga. and Ala. Steamboat Company, as cook on the steamer Magnolia, for one year, and has given satisfaction as cook, and while in my employ has been a sober, industrious and well-behaved man. Also a good Democrat." This is signed by the captain of the steamboat. The final sentence is dropped in in much the same way that the solemn young man who brought his poetry to John Phoenix dropped in his final remark on the fate of the person who "was accidentally shot." "The pistol was one of the old-fashioned kind, brass-mounted, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

There will be a lively time in Syracuse next Tuesday when the National party of the State of New-York meets there in tumultuous convention. The quarrel-provoking Shupe says there will be contesting delegations from every district in the State, and there are signs that he bases his prediction on substantial grounds. The whole party is going in one way or another, and is going with its coat-tail on the ground and blood in its eye. Its "deliberations" will be likely to recall a famous climax of one of Rufus Choate's speeches against the passage of a railroad through a peaceful park in a New-England city. He drew a romantic picture of moonlit walks, disturbed only by the rhythmic cadence of music and the soft whisperings of lovers. "In place of this," he continued, "you will put the roaring of trains, the clanging of bells, the shrieking of whistles—Stromboli, Vesuvius, Cotapaxi, hell itself!" That is about what will burst upon Syracuse next week. Syracuse has a good deal of Mr. Choate's uproar now, but it will find out on Tuesday that there are worse noises than it ever dreamed of.

PERSONAL.

Secretary Sherman will come East again next week for quite a long stay.

Senator Conkling is stopping for the present at Prospect Park Hotel, in Catskill.

The Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, of this city, has arrived in Denver, Col., on his return from the Pacific coast. He preached two sermons in that city last Sunday.

General Butler is having his yacht "America" fitted up with spars and sails for a cruise, but toward what point of the compass he will go rumor saith not.

Mr. Addison A. Keyes, of ***The Albany Express***, was in the highlands of Scotland when last heard from. The first week in September will witness his return home.

Professor Arthur W. Wright, of Yale College, will accompany the party of distinguished English scientists, who start for Colorado to-day to observe the coming eclipse.

Alexander H. Stephens told a Sunday-school in Augusta, Ga., last Sabbath, that the first taste he ever had for reading was inculcated in a Sunday-school, when he was a boy about nine years old.

General Noyes, Minister to France, is making a very pleasant stay at Boar's Head Hotel. Ex-Attorney-General Taft, and Senator Rollins and Governor Prescott, of New-Hampshire, are expected there this week.

The Empress Eugenie and Prince Napoleon are both on the Continent. The former is staying at Ems, while the latter makes the tour of Sweden and Norway. About the middle of August they will meet at Arenenberg, Switzerland, where they will remain until some time in October.

Professor Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, has gone to his Summer headquarters at Gloucester, Mass., where he will make a specialty of hatching young-cod-fish for the New-England coast. The Professor also proposes to experiment with the Norwegian gill net for deep sea-fishing, and thinks he can demonstrate that with its use much larger catches of cod can be made near the bottom than are now taken with hook and line fishing.

Mr. Edison was unable to get through Chicago without encountering a reporter. When asked whether he had ever been in that city before, he replied: "Yes, thirteen years ago. I had a linen duster, $2 50, and a railroad pass. I was not interviewed then." Continuing, he said: "The impression has gone abroad that I don't like newspaper men, because I don't want to be bored. I like newspaper men well enough, but what I object to are those Jersey farmers that come to see me every day, and have me explain the phonograph to them. That's what worries me. My assistant has almost grown consumptive talking to them."

The late Professor Henry was once sitting on the wharf at Rouse's Point, dreamily watching a Lake Champlain steamer, when he happened to notice a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer. His acute scientific sense was at once on the alert for an investigation. As he was watching the flashes of light, first upon one side of the steamer and then upon the other, a Customs inspector approached and asked: "Looking at them flashes?" "Yes," said the Professor, "I wonder what they are?" "Oh, them's hot ashes they are throwing out of the ash-pits." The Professor was nonplussed for a moment; then saying, quietly, "Well, well, live and learn—live and learn," he lapsed into silence.

Miss Nellie Walworth, the authoress of "An Old World as seen by Young Eyes; or, Travels Around the World," is temptingly described as petite, plump, with a round face and fair complexion, with rosy cheeks, a pair of beautiful blue eyes, intense in their expression of intelligence, and a shock of short, brown curls, clustering close about her well-formed head, a perfect type of a healthful, natural, intellectual young girl, cheery and bright and full of interest in life, without a morbid tendency. Her mother is a handsome woman, of large proportions, with brown hair and eyes, refined and cultivated, one who has suffered and grown strong. They occupy the historic Walworth mansion, the oldest house in Saratoga.

The three daughters of Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, are being educated at Smolny Cloister, near Moscow, the most famous of Russian schools. It was only after long hesitation that the Prince of Montenegro could be persuaded to "banish" his daughters into the cold depths of Russia; but he was compelled at last to give way, partly because no other Orthodox institution of a similar character and advantages is in existence, partly because it was the express wish of the Russian Government that he should do so, and most of all because the latter undertook to defray the entire cost. "That is for me a very substantial argument," the Prince is reported to have said. The offer was made at a time when the princely purse, never very full, was emptier than usual. It is reported that the young ladies will go home filled with historical and political culture, and that they are not unlikely to astonish their simple parents with the range and decisiveness of their views upon State affairs.

Prince Eugène Romanovski Leuchtenberg, who is soon to be married to a sister of the well-known Russian General, Skobeleff, is a direct descendant of the Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais and the Martinique Creole Josephine, who afterward became the wife of the first Napoleon. The present Prince's grandfather was Eugène Beauharnais, the adopted son of the Emperor Napoleon, the son-in-law of a German King, Viceroy of Italy, heir to the Princedom of Venice, to the Iron Crown of Lombardy, to the Grand Duchy of Frankfurt, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Marshal of France, and so forth. He ended by being simple Duke of Leuchtenberg, a principality which his Bavarian father-in-law ceded to him for 5,000,000 francs. His son, Maximilian, the father of the bridegroom-elect, married the eldest daughter of Czar Nicholas; hence the affix of Romanovski, and the affiliation of a West Indian Creole's descendants with the Imperial House of Russia. The present Duke of Leuchtenberg is unmarried. Prince Eugène, his heir-presumptive, is thirty-one years of age, an officer in the Lancers of the Guard, and has been already married—in 1869—to Countess Daria Opotchinine, who died in the following year. She was created Countess Beauharnais, a title by which Miss Skobeleff will also be known, for the mingled blood of the Tatar Catherine and of the Creole Josephine is too noble to be remingled with any more plebeian stuff than itself without such protest.

GENERAL NOTES.

When Trumbull, of the Yale crew, was drowned in New-London harbor after the boat race, he had $200 in his pocket. It is now believed that the body was robbed and put back in the water before it was finally discovered. Trumbull was the eldest of four brothers who were being educated in New-Haven.

An old lady in San Francisco, who felt that she was not called upon to pay a license, recently consulted the great philosopher, Drayman Kearney. "What am I going to do with my store?" she asked. "Madam," he replied, "you have got a pistol, and when these men come along to take your furniture, shoot them! The idea of you paying for the privilege of working! Do nothing of the kind!" This he regards as taking the bull by the horns and twisting the horns off.

The present temperature is after all "only a circumstance." At Adelaide last year the shade range of the thermometer for five successive days varied between 100° and 106°. It has been warmer still at Melbourne, where 111° was recorded several years ago; while in the interior of Australia the heat was even greater. At one township in New South Wales last year the maximum shade temperature for a week was never below 112°, and on one day was as high as 118°; and in Queensland 126° has been recorded. These statistics prove that it is now comparatively cool in this latitude.

The Rev. J. B. Mann, preaching at Rehoboth, near Wilmington, Del., last Sunday, denounced dancing as a low and vulgar amusement, a criminal waste of time, etc. He would prefer to see his daughter carried to her grave—aye! he would shout "Glory to God" that she was dead—rather than have her breathe air polluted by the breath of a dancing-master. He regarded dancing as the education of the heels, and condemned it for not having a bit of head in it, although obviously he would not have young people dance on their heads. He complained that pious brethren were giving a dancing-master from $75 to $100 a year to teach their children a practice that led to ruin, and contributing only $4 or $5 to the work of God.

The Gambetta of forty is not the Gambetta of twenty. His journal, the *République Française*, threw cold water upon the Voltaire celebration and openly condemned the Rousseau festival. Its opposition to the second celebration was based upon these grounds: 1. It came too soon after the first. 2. It was not the proper date. 3. Rousseau was a paradoxical theorist, whose ideas have been refuted by facts; a chimerical and dangerous mind; a retrograde sophist, whose systems have no foundation, and whose politics and principles send progress on a wrong track. The festival at Geneva was hearty and joyous. Thousands of bright-eyed children, escorted by all the Republic has to show of military—a few score of helmeted firemen and cocked-hatted and corpulent gendarmes—marched in procession through the town, and were afterward feasted on the space round the base of Rousseau's statue. The illumination, with its myriads of lights rising tier above tier and reflected in the swiftly-flowing Rhone and shining over the dark blue waters of the lake, formed a fairylike scene. Eugène Pelletan delivered an eloquent address in the Temple of St. Gervais, and a letter from Victor Hugo was read, in which Voltaire was declared to be the representative of man and Rousseau the representative of the people.

New-Hampshire is an uncomfortable tryst-